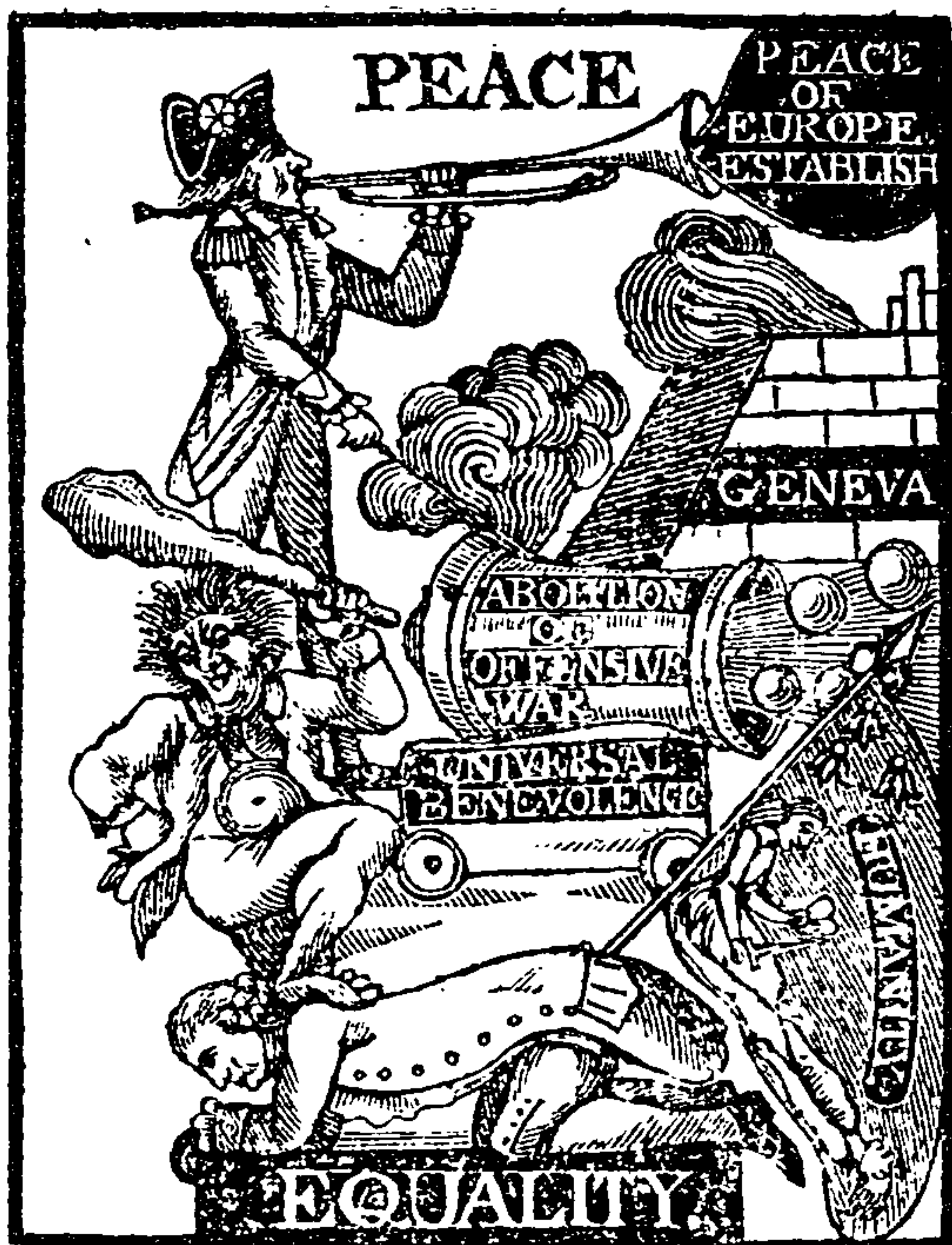


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## THE REFORMER OF ENGLAND.

## A NEW SONG.

Tune—*The Roast Beef of Old England.*

COME listen, good Folks, and a tale I'll relate,  
How a Stay-maker fain would have made himself great,  
And from mending of stays, took to mending the State.

Oh! the Reformer of England,  
And oh! the Reformer—Tom Paine!

CHORUS.

Oh! the Reformer, &amp;c:

This Stay-maker once an Exciseman was made,  
Where he learn'd all the tricks that the smugglers e'er play'd  
And some tricks of his own;—till kick'd out of that trade.

Oh! the Reformer, &amp;c.

Next America saw him o'erflowing with spite,  
'Gainst the sons of Old England he'd write and he'd write,  
And brandish his goose-quill—but ne'er chose to fight.

Oh! the Reformer, &amp;c:

When Peace once was settled, he'd stay there no more,  
(For peace and Tom Paine ne'er could live on one shore)  
But transported to France made a hellish uproar.

Oh! the Reformer, &amp;c:

Now, protected by laws which he strives to o'erthrow,  
At Britain he aims his unnatural blow,  
And would lay all the Sons of true Liberty low.

Oh! the Reformer, &amp;c.

Let the Jacobins take him;—They soon will requite him,  
Since riot, and rapine, and murder delight him,  
But let *us* live in peace,—if 'twere only to *spite* him.

Oh! the Reformer, &amp;c.

Unite then, ye Britons, unite in applause,  
To the men who stand forth for our rights and our laws,  
And from runagate Traitors defend our good cause,

Then, up with the cause of old England,  
And down with the tricks of Tom Paine.

Our *true British Freedom* for ages shall stand,  
In spite of sedition and *Paine's* hellish band,  
And "God Save the King" shall resound through the land.

So God Save the King of old England,  
And down with sedition and Paine

FULL CHORUS.

God Save the King, &amp;c.

## S O N G.

By MR. PAINE.

COME, good fellows all—Confusion's the toast,  
 And success to our excellent Cause:  
 As we've nothing to lose, lo, nought can be lost;  
 So perdition to Monarchs and Laws.

## II

France shews us the way—an example how great,  
 Then, like France, let us stir up a riot;  
 May our names be preserved by damnable feat,  
 For what but a wretch would lie quiet!

## III.

As we are poor rogues, 'tis most certainly right,  
 At the doors of the rich ones to thunder;  
 Like the thieves who set fire to a dwelling by night,  
 And come in for a share of the plunder.

## IV.

Whoever for mischief invents the best plan,  
 Best murders, sets fire, and knocks down,  
 The thanks of our club shall be given to that man,  
 And hemlock shall form him a crown.

## V.

Our empire has tow'r'd with lustre too long,  
 Then blot out this wonderful Sun;  
 Let us arm then at once, and in confidence strong,  
 Complete what dark Gordon begun.

## VI.

But grant a defeat—we are hang'd, and that's all,  
 A punishment light as a feather;  
 Yet we triumph in Death, as we Catilines fall,  
 And go to the Devil together.

## THE RIGHTS OF MEN.

## A NEW BALLAD.

**T**HIS World is an odd sort of place,  
 As, no doubt, you have often been told,  
 One and all will allow its the case,  
 For 'tis known both to young and to old :  
 But of all the strange freaks and vagaries  
 Times past had the fortune to know,  
 None surely so strange and so rare is,  
 As what modern wise ones can show.

Mankind have now jogg'd on together,  
 'Tis said, for near six thousand years ;  
 But yet they have not known each other,  
 As now very plainly appears.

So (for fear we should still go on blindly)  
 With new Philosophical lights,  
 Master Paine and his pupils most kindly  
 Have promised to set us to rights.

First Thomas declares we're all equal,  
 Not an atom of diff'rence between us ;  
 That is, if you mark but the sequel,  
 An old maid's as handsome as Venus.  
 Each man knows as much as his neighbour,  
 And just the same portion of brains ;  
 So the scholar may well spare his labour,  
 For what can he get by his pains ?

For strength, or of mind, or of body.  
 We are all made exactly the same,  
 And you surely must pass for a noddy  
 So charming a truth to disclaim.  
 About Nature ne're puzzle your head,  
 She's an old fashion'd dame, I assure you ;  
 Her cause too she never can plead  
 With your new philosophical Jury.

Then, about Rights of Men, there's no doubt  
 Mankind have done nothing but blunder ;  
 Such rights too at last are found out,  
 That you'll stare both your eyes out with wonder.  
 But beware, I entreat, how you doubt them,  
 Or these wise ones presume to controul ;  
 For if you should happen to flout them,  
 Away goes your head on a pole.

If you have a thousand or hundred,  
 And I have but ten pounds a year ;

I've a right you should quickly be plunder'd,  
 Else how can we equal appear?  
 So get what you will, 'tis in vain,  
 Your children will never come near it,  
 For the state will be at you again,  
 And will swear 'tis a right they should share it,  
 As for Kings, they are all useless lumber;  
 Each man to himself is a King;  
 So there soon will be Kings out of number,  
 And then we shall be quite the thing.  
 Each too has a right to produce  
 Fresh laws, as he thinks he may need 'em;  
 So then to be sure he's a goose,  
 If he does not get plenty of *freedom*!  
 Nay, for Liberty, pleasure, or ease,  
 No man has his own proper share on't,  
 If he cannot do just what he please,  
 Without fear of Justice's warrant.  
*Titles* too are now grown out of vogue,  
 For, titles are badges of *honour* :—  
 And where each by right is a rogue,  
 Of *distinction* pray who'd be an owner?  
 Then as for Religion, these wits  
 Have left us in darkness at present;  
 Tho' perhaps when the season befits,  
 We shall have something wonderful pleasant.  
 But of this you at least may be sure,  
 "I will be nothing that's found in the *Bible*,  
 Such stuff they can never endure,  
 For to *them*, 'tis completely a Libel.  
 Now tell me, good people, sincerely,  
 Did you e'er know so charming a scheme?  
 If our senses did not see it clearly,  
 Pray should we not think it a dream?  
 Search Infidels, Heathens, and Turks,  
 Newgate, Bedlam, again and again,  
 But, believe me, you'll ne'er match the works  
 Of the pupils of wise Thomas Paine.  
 But for *me*, I shall feel somewhat shy,  
 Of equalling such clever fellows;  
 For fear they should raise me too high,  
 And bring me perchance, to the gallows!  
 And as for their light, I must own,  
 To accept it I can't be so civil,  
 Since perhaps, when my business is done,  
 It may light me at last to the Devil!

## A NEW LOYAL SONG.

For the 1st of January, 1793; the 104th Year of  
BRITAIN'S LIBERTY.

---

**G**OD save great George our King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King!

Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!

Let that Reformer Paine  
Know his vile Arts are vain;  
Britain is free!

Confound his Politics,  
Frustrate his knavish tricks,  
With equal laws we mix  
True Liberty.

England's staunch Soldiery,  
Proof against Treachery,  
Bravely unite;

Firm in his Country's Cause  
His Sword each Hero draws  
To guard our King and Laws  
From factious Might.

When Insults rouse to Wars  
Oak-hearted British Tars  
Scorn to be Slaves;

Rang'd in our Wooden Walls  
Ready, when Duty calls,  
To send their Cannon Balls  
O'er Ocean's Waves.

O Lord our God arise,  
Scatter our Enemies,  
And make them fall;

Cause civil Broils to cease,  
Commerçee and Trade t'increase,  
With Safety, Joy, and Peace  
God bless us all!

Gracious to this fam'd Isle,  
On our lov'd Monarch smile,  
With mildest Rays;

O let thy Light divine  
On Brunswick's royal Line  
With fadeless Lustre shine  
To latest Days!

I'll have BALLADS made on you all, and sung to filthy Tunes!

FALSTAFF.

*Pour commencer,*

## TOM, the Bodice-maker:

To the Tune of *Bow! wow! wow!*

WHILE all was perfect peace at home, and no one dream't o  
harm, Sir,  
Each enjoy'd his *faith*, his *hearth*\*, his work, his art, his wealth, his  
farm, Sir;

As the Devil wou'd hav't! in steps a reforming undertaker,  
And who, plague on him! shou'd this be, but TOM the *Bodice-maker!*  
*Bow! wow! wow!*

*Fal lal de iddi diddi, bow! wow! wow!*

*Jacq̄ Cade*, compar'd to TOM, was a scurvy, paltry planner,  
And so was *Wat* the *Tiler*, and *Ket*, surnam'd the *Tanner*;  
For a duntless, lawless leveller, sure TOM had ne'er his fellow,  
Since th' ancient days of bold *Robin Hood*, or the upstart *Masaniello!*  
*Bow! wow! wow!*

From moulding forms, and bolst'ring shapes, he's turn'd to shaping  
laws, Sir,  
To enlarge Old English freedom, and revive the GOOD OLD CAUSE,  
Sir;

With store of *Nonsens* at his beck, and many a politic raker  
Who hourly rave, "Save us, sweet TOM!—dear TOM the *Bodice-*  
*maker!*"

*Bow! wow! wow!*

Equality of station is Heaven's peculiar gift, Sir,  
And! or Princes, Peers, and Parasites, we'll set them all adrift,  
Sir!

Of Courtiers, Courts, and Mitred Heads, why all this senseless  
"pother?"

Are not all Good Fellows, Brethren; and Peers to one another?  
*Bow! wow! wow!*

"New Lords with antique customs, they say, can ne'er agree, Sir;  
"With new ones then, my jovial souls! we'll fit them to a T, Sir;  
"And for the Constitution, leave me to brew and bake her,  
"For I'm a Dog at that rare game! says TOM the *Bodice-maker.*  
*Bow! wow! wow!*

♦ *Aras et Focos.*

"New



What an arrant shame that one should wear a fortune in his coat,  
“ Sir!  
“ That some thou'd roll in thousands, and some not have a groat,  
“ Sir!  
“ I'll parcel out their lands, my boys! tho' myself not worth an  
“ acre,  
“ Or never more confide in TOM! brave TOM the *Bodice-maker!*  
*Bow! wow! wow!*

“ Religion whom was the cause that set mankind at odds, Sir;  
“ Now lawless Liberty's the boon for which w'invoke the gods, Sir!  
“ For grace and strength t'exterminate the royal rout of *Neros*;  
“ And, in their tyrant-*stead* to plant a calendar of heroes!  
*Bow! wow! wow!*

“ Such as have hang'd, and fought, and bled, and brawl'd for Free-  
“ dom's charter,  
“ The hardy, politic *Painter John*, and *Ankerstrom* the martyr!  
“ Whose deathless deeds and names our sons shall sing in lofty  
“ strain-a  
“ With those of the renegade *Paul Jones*, and the run-away *Tom*  
“ *Paine-a!*  
*Bow! wow! wow!*

“ Then charge your glasses high, my hearts! while all the world  
“ must wonder,  
“ That *Mites\**, like us, should o'er-rule Men, awe-stricken with our  
“ thunder!  
“ Now Treason stalks abroad, let's toast, *A glorious Revolution!*  
“ *Equality of Man and Means, and a blessed Constitution!*  
*Bow! wow! wow!*  
*Fal la! de iddi diddi, bow! wow! wow!*

S. P.

24th December, 1792.

- “ Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;  
“ But shall the dignity of Vice be lost? ” — POPE.

*This was written by Paterson the famous,  
Book-antiquarian, & Catalogue-maker*

PAT

## P A T R I O T.

To the Tune " *Fire away, Casey.* "

O CH! my Name is PAT RIOT, and I'm never easy,  
For when all is quiet it turns my head crazy;  
So to kick up a dust, by my soul, I delight in—  
Then to lay it again—*I fall to without fighting,*

CHORUS.—*Row, row, row, row, row.*

Nought but Times *topsy-turvy* suit my Constitution,  
And all that I want is a *snug* Revolution;  
Then in *Rank*, and in *Riches*, I'll equal my *Betters*,  
And a long list of *Creditors* change into *Debtors*.—

I dare not be *loyal*, for this *loyal* reason—  
My *Tutor*, TOM PAINE, tells me *Loyalty's Treason*—  
And PRIESTLEY, my *Faith*, has shook to its Foundation,  
So I've no prospect of *Earth* but *eternal Damnation!*—

In this *Plight* I've a *Plan*—tho' it's not ripe for *broaching*,  
But between you and me—'tis a little *encroaching*,  
By a *Stroke*—*Slight of Hand*—to surprise all *Beholders!*  
I mean to take off the KING'S Head from his *Shoulders!*—

Then the *Crown*, d'ye see, I would lay on a *Shelf*, Sir,  
Though it fits me as if it were made for myself, Sir;  
Good Luck to the *Sound*, how the *Steeple* will ring, Sir,  
When I've made *Men* all *equal*, and made *myself King*, Sir!

Just to guard off th' *Effect* of fell *Lightning* and *Thunder*,  
That *together* split *Churches* and *Steeple* *asunder*,  
I mean to pull down all old *orthodox Structures*,  
'Cause PRIESTLEY says, " *Chapels are Heaven's Conductors!* "

To see *Chapels* from *Churches*, like *Phoenixes*, rising,  
*Good Souls*, THE *DISSENTERS*, wou'd deem it *surprising*;  
And grateful to me they wou'd *down* on their *Knees* too,  
Who hate both the *Church* and a *Chapel* of—*Ease* too.

Now the *Lands* of the *Church*—that *feed fat* and *lean*  
*Preachers*,

By their *leaves*, I'll bestow on the *Puritan Teachers*;  
Of their *Tithes*, and their *Off'rings*, and *Gifts*, I'll bereave  
'em,

And nought but their *Stomachs* and *Consciences* leave 'em.

THE LAW, long establish'd, no longer shall bind me!  
 With my FATHER before, or my FATHER behind me,  
 I've nothing to do; then your *bother* pray cease, Sir,  
 I'll lay down THE LAW by a *Breach* of the Peace, Sir.

Thus the Law and the Gospel I've taken by storm, Sir;  
 Physicians next swallow my Pills of Reform, Sir;  
 I'll take off their *Wigs, Canes, Fees, and Degrees,*  
 And poison the Rogues with their own *Recipes!*

Since the COMMONS are *Cyphers*, the LORDS but *Nick-names*,  
 Sir,

I mean to prorogue them all into the Thames, Sir;  
 And lest Folk shou'd think I don't humanely treat 'em,  
 Doctor HAWES and *Cork Jackets* at Gravesend shall meet  
 'em!

I'll abolish all TITLES *Mankind* may inherit,  
 From the Fountain of Honor, Worth, Virtue, and Merit:  
 I'm a *naked* Reformer, the doctrine I preach is—  
 To take Coats of Arms off, Shirts, Waistcoats, and Breeches.

Though Age, Youth, and Beauty, *Miss, Master, and Madam,*  
 Be decently dress'd in the garb of Old ADAM,  
 'Twill be nothing new! for both high and low station  
*Were in equal confusion before the Creation!*

By *Jusus!* to think how 'twou'd tickle the Devil,  
 To see from a *Mountain* all things *on a Level!*  
 For like PAINE—he's a PATRIOT not very nice, Sir,  
 And he hates all distinctions 'tween Virtue and Vice, Sir.

Here's long *Life after Death* to all hot-headed Fellows,  
 Who Night and Day work at *the Devil's big Belows!*  
 What charming Confusion! what fine Botheration!  
 To blow up the Coals, and *extinguish the Nation!*

*Row, row, row, row, row.*

**LIFE and CHARACTER of Mr. THOMAS PAINE,**  
*put in Metre, and inscribed to the Society against Leveillers  
 and Republicans.*

---

Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,  
 Yet touch'd and mov'd by ridicule alone.

POPS:

---

**W**ICKED Tom Paine,  
 Thy labour's vain,  
 To cause a Revolution ;  
 'Twere passing strange,  
 If thou could'st change  
 The British Constitution.  
 To judge of zeal,  
 For public' weal,  
 Men's private lives we scan ;  
 Enough thy life  
 Had plagued thy wife,  
 Denied *her Rights in Man!*  
 The stays so slim,  
 The bodice trim,  
 Thy fingers light discover ;  
 When large and small  
 You fitted all,  
 At Sandwich and at Dover.  
 Though fate unkind,  
 To merit blind,  
 Denied thee house and land ;  
 Yet nature taught  
 The happy thought  
 To take all came to hand.  
 For laws, you say,  
 Which men obey,  
 Should by themselves be made ;  
 For knaves to bring  
 In vogue the string,  
 Would spoil the thieving trade.  
 What though th' Excise,  
 With curious eyes,  
 Investigates your flaws ?  
 Th' example spoke,  
 Beyond a joke,  
 The tyranny of laws.

A fraud,

A fraud, a theft,  
 Wife, country left,  
 We Peccadillos name ;  
 For pow'r or pelf,  
 Murder itself,  
 Can't shade a patriot's fame.

Good to dispense,  
 Should Common Sense  
 With honesty be crown'd ;  
 You taught the way  
 Old debts to pay,  
 With sixpence in the pound.

By duns beset,  
 By catch-poles met,  
 You led them many a dance ;  
 Thy neck to save,  
 'Twixt wind and wave,  
 You got in time to France.

Then you began  
 Your Rights of Man,  
 T' improve the murd'ring art ;  
 Lamp chords were strung  
 With bodies hung.  
 And women eat the heart.

Th' Assembly meet,  
 You take your seat  
 With President and Bell ;  
 You'd think the damn'd  
 Within were cramm'd,  
 With devils broke loose from hell.

Blood-hound Marat,  
 Foul-mouth'd Cara,  
 And fiend-like Roberespierre,  
 Half-cut Chabot,  
 And false Brissot,  
 Petion, to villains dear.

Wicked as these,  
 Tom Paine may please :  
 HERE all his arts despise ;  
 His morals vile,  
 His wretched style,  
 His malice, and his lies.

Britons, be brave,  
 Let no such knave  
 Sedition's torch supply !  
 For Freedom's Cause,  
 In equal laws,  
 Resolve to live—or die !

A N E W S O N G :

*LIBERTY, PROPERTY—OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER.*

Tune " *Hearts of Oak.*"

I.

**R**ISE up, hearts of oak, honest Britons free born,  
The arts of designing seducers we scorn ;  
United and steady in Liberty's Cause,  
We'll ever defend both our King and our Laws.  
Hearts of Oak, &c.

II.

Great George, may God bless him, and long may he reign,  
Our freedom and property still to maintain,  
Without rule and order we ne'er can be free,  
And where without laws would our property be ?  
Hearts of Oak, &c,

III.

While industrious in business ourselves we employ,  
The fruits of our labour we now can enjoy,  
For our children and wives we may lay up in store,  
Be cheerful and happy, and what would we more ?  
Hearts of Oak, &c.

IV.

Old England for ever, her trade is our boast,  
Our ships fill'd with merchandize cover our coast,  
While our neighbours are ruin'd, their trade at a stand,  
And rapine and blood-shed dishonour their land.  
Hearts of Oak, &c.

V.

These sons of sedition can never be quiet,  
We know what they wish is to stir up a riot ;  
But if they molest us, we'll lead them a dance,  
And send them to join the disturbers in France.  
Hearts of Oak, &c.

# OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER!

## A NEW SONG;

<sup>x</sup>  
Tune, "*Heart of Oak.*"

### I.

COME, cheer up, my lads merry Christmas is here,  
And I hope we shall all have a happy new year!  
Prepare your plumb-duddings, mince-pies, and stout ale,  
And may plenty and peace in Old England ne'er fail!  
O still may our flag be with lustre unfurl'd!  
Let's ever be ready,  
Steady, boys!—steady!  
And true to ourselves, we defy all the world!

### II.

The King, and the State, and the Laws of the land,  
The good Constitution our forefathers plann'd,  
To maintain them we all with one heart shou'd agree,  
For while they protect us, Old England is free.  
O still may our flag, &c.

### III.

No hand of oppression we ever can fear,  
Our laws are the same for the peasant and peer;  
Our house is our castle, our fire-side our throne,  
And each man in England is sure of his own.  
O still may our flag, &c.

### IV.

Some men must be stronger, some wiser than others;  
But good laws can unite them to live like good brothers:  
For while the strong labour, the wise ones will think,  
And then in Old England we ne'er shall want chink.  
O still may our flag, &c.  
Then

v.

Then drink to the King, and the State, and the Laws;  
With one voice, with one heart, we'll support the good  
cause;

To Commerce, to Trade, to the Plough, and the Sail;  
And may plenty and peace in Old England ne'er fail!

O still may our flag, &c.

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